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ESL 222-2

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Second draft of descriptive

June 14, 2011

My topic

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May 17th, camp for mathematicians, the place where national team is formed. Huge plumy clouds were drifting above me. Cloud, resembling fluffy snow-white lamb, covered sun. I was lying on emerald lawn next to the plate “Walking on the lawn is forbidden”. However, I wasn’t walking on lawn, I was lying on it so I didn’t break a rule. I felt reproachful stares of passers, they saw tall, thin, sixteen years old guy carelessly lying on the grass. However, this image was misleading. I wasn’t careless, I had troubles but I didn’t want to solve them, I just wanted to escape from them. However, I didn’t have strength to rise from the ground. Suddenly I heard the rustle of grass; I knew that there is only one person except me who would walk on the lawn.

I whispered, "I want to go home, did you buy a ticket? If you didn’t, I would buy it myself and go home.” I was expecting to hear familiar strict voice of my teacher but the voice heard was different it was his voice but it sounded indulgently, “No, I didn’t. I asked juries to reconsider their decision not to include you in a team.” My teacher is a tall man with athletic complexion; he looks more like a young professional athlete but when people first time look to his eyes, they understand that he is very wise person and his soul is much older than people can think. “Also, I don’t think that you can buy a ticket without it,” said Burhan with sly voice. I looked at him and saw my teacher keeping my passport in his right hand. His complacent view annoyed me and I recognized that this brown-eyed person will not stop fighting for me, even if I had already stopped. The rest of day I spent lying on grass. When the sky was dotted with hundreds of bright stars, I went to the room.

Next morning when I opened my eyes, everything was hazy but I saw a guy wearing strange clothes. This young man was wearing blindingly white classical pants, blue jacket with golden national patterns on collar. I recognized our team’s uniform.” You didn’t give up. Get up, we are moving after twenty minutes,” said young man, I recognized him, this brown-haired boy is a captain of national team. Suddenly, he started pointing to the left and with contented smile asked, “When did you take our uniform?” I raised and saw team’s costume hanging in opened cabinet. On the top shelf of cabinet I found my passport and envelope. The inscription on the envelope was written by very familiar, horrible handwriting, “Still want to go home?”